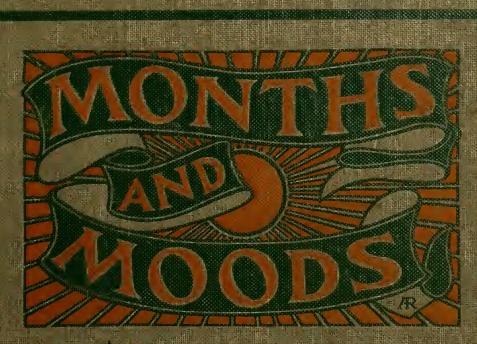
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A Riffeen Real

by

EDWARD CURTIS



MONTHS & MOODS A FIFTEEN-YEAR CALENDAR



MONTHS AND MOODS

A Fisteen-Pear Calendar

VERSIFIED & DIVERSIFIED

Ву

EDWARD CURTIS



The Grafton Press

NEW YORK

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PREFACE



Preface

2

If I help you fix a day
So you fail not, nor estray,
If I bring you to a mood
Working ever for the good,
Fulfilled my end!
On your desk or boudoir-table,
Then, in order serviceable
At your elbow let me lie,
For the new-come century
A ready friend!



MONTHS AND MOODS

January

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A Token

3

Gray are the clouds that gather

When the winter day is done,

Like ghostly monks assembling

For the funeral of the sun;

And the heart is chill within me

At thought of a life-course run—

Gray is gloom and gloom is gray,

Frozen tears for dying day

The very skies are weeping!

But dawns the morrow, golden,

With sun on snow-fields new

Limning the long tree-shadows

In the heavens' own radiant blue,

And with hope, as the sun, new risen,

My heart hails token true—

Light is life and life is light;

Day, whose shadows e'en are bright,

My soul is in thy keeping!

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And the Winter Day Dawneth Clear

3

Sparkle on the snow-fields, sparkle on the trees, Sparkle on every twiglet that crisps in the breeze,

> —Sparkle here, sparkle there, Sparkle in the very air,

And the winter day dawneth clear.

Sparkle in the quick glance, sparkle in the smile, Sparkle in the laughter, innocent of guile,

> —Sparkle here, sparkle there, Sparkle though all unaware,

And the merry child maketh cheer.

All the world a-sparkle in the shining day, And children are we all again: life is play,

> —Sparkle here, sparkle there, Sparkle in the very air,

And the winter day dawneth clear.





THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY



Spring

3

As when beside some sleeping doe
Two stags in furious combat go
With clashing horns and bated breath
To do for victory or death:
So by the couch of slumbering earth
To battle royal now go forth
Fierce summer's sun and winter's wind,
Each in the panoply of his kind.
And when, the long-drawn struggle o'er,
The sun's bright banner floats before,
Under the conqueror's lusty wiles
The sleeping maiden wakes with smiles.

March

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The Winds

3

Out into space my thoughts are going, Going far away

Where through the clouds the winds are blowing, Blowing all the day.

Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing, Sing, and thy secret tell!

Cloud, down the far blue going, going,

Ope, let us know thy spell!

Is it a chorus

Blithely sonorous,

Where frolic o'er us

Spirits on high?

Or is it serious

Summons mysterious,

Where rides th' imperious

Erl-king by?

—Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing, Sing, and thy secret tell!

Long through the night while stars are waning, Waning, I list alone

Where through the trees with sad complaining, Plaining, the night-winds moan.

Wind, through the tree-tops plaining, plaining, Soft, and confess thee here!

Tree, while the stars are waning, waning,

Bend, bring the mystery near!

Is it the only
Cry of a lonely
Spirit, that pronely
Sobbeth in dole—

E'en the wild eerie

Low miserere

Wrung from a weary

Doomed soul?

—Wind, through the tree-tops plaining, plaining, Soft, and confess thee here!

But, to my soul athirst for knowing,

Ever, ah, wellaway,

By cloud and tree the winds a-blowing

Answer only nay!

Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing,

Sing, then, song untold!

Cloud, down the far blue going, going,

Close, and thy secret hold!

So the eternal

Power supernal

Guardeth the journal

Nature may show:

E'en unto sages

Conning the ages

Sealed are the pages

Most they would know.

—Wind, through the white clouds blowing, blowing, Sing, then, song untold!

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My Little Pets

3

I have my little pets, new-born,

And day by day I visit them

Snug in the fenced enclosure, where

Their careful keepers closet them.

I watch them peep, and more and more Show signs of life's reality.

O winds, be kind and blow not cold, For tender their vitality!

They feed and sleep, and sleep and feed;

They grow apace and steadily;

Their little frames are gathering strength,

They stand up now quite readily.

And so the time—the sunny time—
I realize is nearly here,
When I shall wake, some morn, to learn
The news I've longed for dearly here—

When I shall wake, that is, at call
Of zephyr's whisper, uttering,—
"Come forth, come forth, all o'er the park
"Full-blown the leaves are fluttering!"

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Alone, But Lonely Aeber

A cypress lone on an islet

Lone dotting the glassy mere,

A solitary cygnet

Rippling the waters near;

O'erhead, a gull long-flapping, Sole spot against the sky,

And musing by the lakeside

The hermit wanderer, I.

O tree and bird and dreamer,

Though mute to each are we,

In the fellowship of nature

We are kin by life's decree-

Kin as the words of a sermon,

Each in his proper place

By the light of the other's meaning To make for a common grace!

Then, cygnet, cypress, sea-gull, By water, land, and sky,

Ye bring me all unknowing A brother's company.

And so in my woodland rambles

Life-linked with nature ever

I move my way through the sweet spring day Alone, but lonely never.





QUEEN OF THE SEASONS



Summer

3

Come, princess, to the throning!

High rides the sun, the day is long,

Carol the birds in joyous song,

While busily hums the insect-throng,—

Come, princess, to the throning!

Come, princess, to the throning!

Merrily the squirrels, zigzag, play

At hide-and-seek through the woodland way

Where perfumed airs make perfect day,—

Come, princess, to the throning!

She is here, queen of our owning!

Willows lend her flowing hair,

Roses, a blush beyond compare,

While dew-drops crown with diamonds rare,—

She is here, queen of our owning!

June

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Like the Fairyland of Dreams

3

I rest at the winsome hour

When twilight, sweet-confusing,
Asserts its sorcerous power.

On a mossy bank I lay me
And list in dreamy thought

While the forest murmurs sway me
To fancies witching-wrought.

And is it the wind through the grasses,

Where the tulip-tree guards the vale,
That in minuet melody passes

On high to the flowers pale?
It comes in sweet cadences, haunting,

As if 'neath the great tree's shade
The gray plumed grasses were chanting

As swains in serenade—

Come tread with me the minuet

And in the twilight's leisure

Through woodland pathways sinuate

Daintily trip the measure—

Through woodland pathways sinuate

All in the twilight's leisure

Come tread with me the minuet

Daintily to the measure!

See through yon screen arboreous

Where round the moon is rising

Stream now a splendor glorious,

Subtilely solemnizing—

Stream now a splendor glorious

Where round the moon is rising,

Through yonder screen arboreous

Subtilely solemnizing!

And is it the sough of the zephyr

Through the tulip's tangled gloom

That hints so of harmonies ever

When rustles the satin bloom?

Sweet harmonies out from the bowers

Where the opening blossoms throng

As it were from the tree's fair flowers

A maiden's answer song—

Yes; thralled by nightfall beautiful

Where stars with moon enamour

Make I surrender dutiful

Captivate to the glamour—

Make I surrender dutiful

Where stars with moon enamour

Thralled by a nightfall beautiful,

Captivate to the glamour.

So 'neath fair Luna's benison

See now with fluttering sally

Flock fast each flower-denizen

Merrily to the rally—

Flock fast each flower-denizen

Forth now with fluttering sally

(Safe 'neath fair Luna's benison)

Merrily to the rally!

And is it but leaf-shadows glancing
Where moonbeams thwart the tree,
Yon semblance of figures a-dancing
In stately step o'er the lea—
Quaint figures with dignity laden,
Like dancers of long ago
When courtesied the mincing maiden
To the swain's obeisance low?

So tread we now the minuet

And in the twilight's leisure

Through woodland pathways sinuate

Daintily trip the measure—

Through woodland pathways sinuate

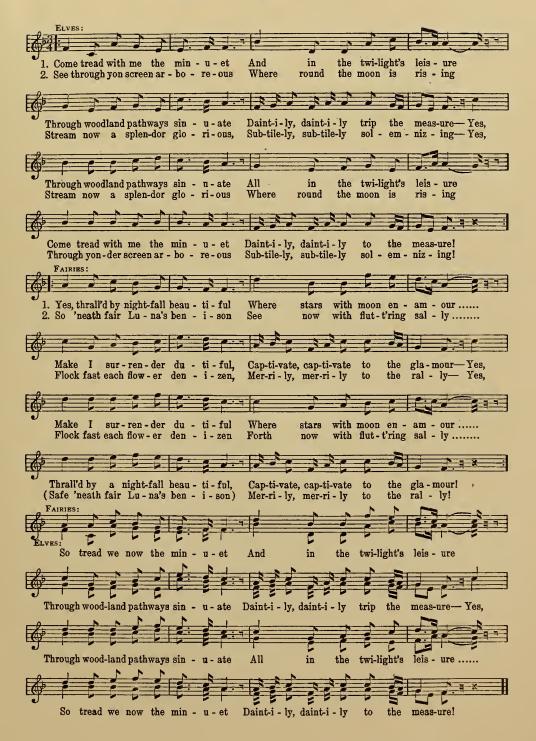
All in the twilight's leisure

So tread we now the minuet

Daintily to the measure!

Ah nay, let me cherish the fancy
That sees in the shapes that pass
Those children of night's necromancy,
Flower-fairies and elves of the grass!
For aye by the magic of summer
The moonlit wildwood seems
Alive with enchantment's glamour,
Like the fairyland of dreams!

Fairy Minuet



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Before the Storm

3

Gray and lilac and blue,

Indigo, ashy and brown

The storm-clouds brood o'er the southern sea

As a crimson sun goes down.

The ocean, underneath,

Gives back a lurid sheen

As the surges, blanched by a sickening awe,

Roll olive and yellow and green.

Aghast, the breezes hush

And stealthily slinks the tide,

And the very crabs i' the ebbing wave

Down-quivering cower and hide.

Naught moves by sea and sky

Save the billows' bated roll,

Naught sounds but the ripples' smothered sigh

And a distant thunder-toll.

The heavy air is thick

With the taint of the lightning's breath,

And a shuddering silence cringing waits

The leap of the jagged death.

O hurricane, come in thy might!

Roll, thunder, and torrent, pour!

For the hush that heralds the storm-king's rage

Out-horrors the tempest's roar!

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By the Moon's Command

3

I wandered wide by ocean's shore,

The tide was falling, falling;

My heart was chill with sorrow's ill,

The sad sea-birds were calling;

And the waters went wailing down the strand—
And the waters went wailing down the strand,
By the moon's command
O'er the shining sand
The waters went wailing down the strand.

I stood by the verge of the level floor,

The tide was turning, turning,

A sparkle new on the glad sea grew,

My wakened soul was yearning;

And the ripples came romping up the strand—
And the ripples came romping up the strand,

By the moon's command

O'er the shining sand

The ripples came romping up the strand.

They chased me back to the rolling dunes,

The tide was rising, rising,

In hope's high grace I turned my face

To meet the spray's baptizing;

And the combers came curling up the strand—
And the combers came curling up the strand,

By the moon's command

O'er the shining sand

The combers came curling up the strand.

I gazed in thrall at the wave-platoons,

The tide was flooding, flooding;

A victory-roar filled all the shore,

White banner-clouds went scudding;

And the billows came booming up the strand—
And the billows came booming up the strand,

By the moon's command

O'er the shining sand

The billows came booming up the strand.

I wandered wide by ocean's shore,

My heart was flooding, flooding;

With rushing tide swept manhood's pride

O'er the ebb of coward brooding.

And the surges came sounding up the strand—
And the surges came sounding up the strand,

By the moon's command

O'er the shining sand

The surges came sounding up the strand.



Autumn

EVENING OF THE YEAR



Autumn

2

Maples in crimson and tulips in yellow:
Great oaks in russet and green gold mellow:
Birches, white shining their lace-veils through,
And high over all the deep distance in blue.

Over the hillside, down in the dell
Where sleeps the still pool 'neath the waterfall's spell,
With bonnets broad waving a serried sheen
Hosts of the lotus in silver and green.

And winter-loosed, where through the fluttering trees
Passes the kiss of the frost-lipped breeze,
Children to mother's breast safe cuddled down,
Soft on earth's bosom her leaf-brood brown.

Nature, thus ever when eye follows day
Thou deck'st thyself gayest, as maidens may,
Then maiden-like under a mantle of white
Lay'st thee to rest with a pleasant good-night!

September ?

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The Golden-Rod

3

The golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow, Heigh-ho, the shortening day!

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow Comes the plumed array.

In camp by the meadow, on guard by the roadway,

Marshaled by lane and by lea,

Lined in parade where straight runs the broadway,

Lo, the tall rangers, free!

And the golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow,

Heigh-ho, the shortening day!

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow

Comes the plumed array.

What do they here in this hour of our sorrow,
Uniformed all so gay?

Summer is waning—dies on the morrow,
Morrow, September's day.

What do they here? Why, 'tis Nature's intending, When passes summer's bier,

That crowned as with sunshine from bright sky descending

Ever the escort appear.

So the golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow,

Heigh-ho, the shortening day!

In trappings of green with pompons of yellow

Comes the plumed array.

The golden-rod blooms, and a peace that is tender (Heigh-ho, life's autumn-tide!)

Comes to my heart with the hallowing splendor Flooding from meadows wide.

Let Azriel beck, but a glory supernal Falls where his angels wait:

Fear not to go where by order eternal Beautiful shines the gate!

And the golden-rod blooms when the summer is mellow
Heigh-ho, the shortening day!
In trappings of green with pompons of yellow
Comes the plumed array.

October

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An Oak-Leaf in October

An oak-leaf in October:

Dark russet now where erst was green,
But, traced in gold, each rib and vein
Distinct on background sober.

Life's story, oft and olden!

Upon a withered record-leaf

A writ of faith through woe and grief

Ashine in letters golden.

November

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Now is the Glory of the Pines

Now is the glory of the pines!

Through summer's green and autumn's gold
Scorned in their sombre garb of old,
Bide they their time by glade and wold—
Now is the glory of the pines!

Now is the glory of the pines!

November skies are chill and gray:

Moaning, the oaks and maples gay

Yield to the north-wind's withering sway—

Now is the glory of the pines!

Now is the glory of the pines!

For now, full-robed where woods are bare,
A majesty unchallenged there
The constant evergreens declare—
Now is the glory of the pines!



Winter

SLEEP OF THE EARTH-MOTHER



Winter

3

Winter is here. The golden-threaded veils
That erstwhile rustled on the woodland slopes
Are rent and gone. By touch of frost transformed,
No more, then, blush the trees as maidens coy,
But now in armor, rugged, gaunt and grim
As yeomen frown. With warning arms upflung
So guard they, jealous, that hushed couch of white
Where through long days, till Spring brings travail new,
Sleeps the Earth-Mother, ward of children true.

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What is Writ in Ember-Glow

3

'Tis when December's eve is drear, And wild, without, o'er wold and mere The winter storm in full career

Sweeps, dire,

And cutting blasts shrill-piping blow, And madly whirls the driving snow By gable, eave and casement low

And spire,

The while, within, a cozy scene Where curtained wall and broidered screen Glow warm beneath the ruddy sheen

Of fire,

And brazen dogs, oak-laden, groan, And chimneys, wind-encompassed, moan As flames, new-born on bed of stone,

Leap higher,

And sheltered snug from outer night
Sit grouped about the cheery light
The manor-folk, dame, children bright

And sire,

Sit nestled close the hearth beside
And silent watch the roaring tide
Uprushing through the chimney wide,

Nor tire,

—'Tis then that aye, so legends tell, The elves that 'midst the embers dwell And rule unseen, with mystic spell,

The fire,

Delight, on brand and cinder-heap,
To witch the sparks that twinkling creep,
Till all their ways with cunning deep

Conspire

And blazon on each glowing glede A runic rime, which they may read Who hold their faith in fairy-creed

Entire.

Weird runes by elfin fingers wrought! Weird rimes, that aye with wisdom fraught Aye to a happier, holier thought

Inspire!

Then would'st thou, friend, when lamps be low,
The lesson of the firelight know
And what is writ in ember-glow

Inquire,

Be but of faith and fix thy gaze Where creep the sparks adown the blaze, And lo, these lines in living rays

Of fire:-

When early falls the winter e'en And ways be dark and winds be keen, Then hearthwards all with happy mien

Draw nigher!

With bustle gay and merry cheer Heap mighty logs and fagots sear, So to a goodly measure rear

The pyre!

Then ply with steel the stubborn flint, Deal blow on blow with clashing dint Till leaps the sparklet's winged glint—

Afire !

And when the flames upspringing throw On ruddy faces ruddier glow, Away with every thought and show

Df ire!

Th, let the warmth your bosoms fill and wake to life love's hallowing thrill; So from your hearts shall thought of ill

Retire!

And be the pure, e'er towering flame Pour emblem of a life's true aim— To lofty deeds and spotless name

Aspire!

And so through all life's chequered way, By home in hut or castle gray, Through weal or woe, as fortune may

Require,

Hold hallowed, ye, forevermore, By chimney-side on earthen floor, The leaping flame, the crackling roar—

The fire!











